

What's My Age Again? by enjolasstaire

Series: [Will and Coping \[3\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Gen, Will Byer's 16th Birthday, Will Byers Has Issues, Will Byers Has a bit of Peter Pan Syndrome

Language: English

Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers & Eleven | Jane Hopper, Will Byers & Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-05-17

Updated: 2021-05-17

Packaged: 2022-04-01 00:56:32

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 667

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Will is overthinking and he knows it. He knows the Party's days are numbered. He doesn't want things to change more than they already have.

Or

Will gets in his own head at his 16th birthday party, and El helps him.

What's My Age Again?

Author's Note:

Me? Going ghost for a month because of school?
More likely than you think. But I'm back!

It's March 22nd, 1987, Will's 16th birthday. Everyone came up to Waukesha (the Byers moved there since Joyce had relatives in Milwaukee) for the event.

It was supposed to be a happy time, right?

Except it just made Will feel awkward. He was the oldest in the Party, but he did not feel like it. Instead he felt like the baby. The one who wasn't allowed to grow up.

In that sense, he felt a little bit like Peter Pan. He wasn't able to grow up. Though, he desperately wanted to.

He could tell things were already changing in the Party. Sure, they saw each other on holidays and birthdays, but it wasn't the same. It's been like this for the past two years, and Will wasn't sure how much longer he could take the long distance friendships.

It's not like he didn't have friends in Waukesha, they weren't like the Party. They weren't as innocent as them.

He knew their days were numbered, and he hated it. He knew there was impending doom on their friendships. He wasn't stupid. He-

"Will?" El asked, as he just about jumped out of his skin. "Cake?" She asked, as she motioned to the second piece of cake in her hand.

He wondered how long she'd been trying to get his attention. "Um, sure. Thanks," He responded, as he took the plate.

There was a bit of silence before El spoke again. "What's wrong? You don't seem happy. It's your birthday. You're supposed to be happy," She said, as it caught him off guard.

Will knew El was blunt, but well meaning. Though, it still catches him off guard at times. "I am happy!" He said, with his voice cracking a bit. "I'm just thinking." He tried to reassure her.

"You're lying," She retorted, as she could obviously tell he lied.

Will sighed. Why did he think he could lie to El? "I just am nervous. That's all. I'm just afraid we won't be friends later on," He admitted.

Will kicked himself for putting his problems on El. Though, it was hard when she had that power to get you to admit your inner thoughts.

"Why do you think that?" She asked.

He didn't quite know how to respond. "I just mean, we're long distance. How much longer can we keep up with this? It's hard enough as it is. I mean and four and a half hour drive is a lot as it is."

El sighed. "You think too much," She told him.

Will raised an eyebrow at her. Sure sometimes his thoughts raced in his head, but he didn't think others could tell. "I know, I know. I just can't help it sometimes," He admitted to her.

He knew she was right. Most of the time he bottled up his feelings. Like the summer of '85 when he had his infamous melt down in the woods. He hadn't had one of those in over a year, and he was going to be sure not to have one at his own birthday party.

"Will, you're doing it again," She informed him.

Will sighed. "I just don't want things to change more than they already have,"

"Change can be good, though," She reminded.

Of course she was right. He knew she's gone through more change in the past three years than most people do in their entire lives. Who was he to complain about moving four hours away from their friends?

“I just realized that we’re growing up,” He finally admitted.

El nodded. “It’s going to be okay,” She answered, and put a hand on his shoulder.

He looked up at her. “How do you know?”

“You can’t get rid of us that easily, Byers,” Mike quipped in, as Will and El saw him.

“H-How much did you hear?” Will asked, now a little embarrassed.

“Enough,” Mike replied, as he sat down next to Will. “We’re not going anywhere.”

Will smiled, as he knew things were going to get better.